

## i love you (maybe) by leebasii

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**Summary:**

when billy is sleeping like that on top of steve he forgets the whole world exists, just remembers he's deeply in love... and oh fuck he's in love

## i love you (maybe)

As Steve opens his eyes and looks down, the sunlight making it a bit blurry; sees some blonde curly hair. He smiles at the memories from last night and drops his head back on the pillow. He can't believe Billy is tucked into his chest, breathing softly like a peaceful *angel*.

He feels the body on top of him stirring a bit and gripping him tighter. He chuckles and runs his fingers through Billy's hair.

"I will cut your fingers off if you keep doing that," a sleepy voice tells him.

And, he remembers he does not have a peaceful angel on him, just Billy Hargrove, who's mostly an asshole. "Didn't complain last night," Steve murmurs, his voice a bit rough, he clears his voice.

Billy starts to get up from Steve's chest with a scoff and Steve pulls him back by his chin to press a soft kiss to his lips. Billy doesn't kiss back but when Steve pulls back has his eyes closed with a peaceful expression.

"Billy..."

He opens his eyes and a frown appears on his face, he hides his face on Steve's arm, he can see the hint of a blush on his face. "Fuck off, Harrington."

"It's Harrington now? What a shame, really liked the way my name sounded coming from your mouth last night," Steve teases with a smile.

Billy raises his head, clearly blushing and turns to lie on his back next to Steve. "You're an idiot."

"You love it," Steve says stretching his arms.

Billy chuckles. "Love nothing about you."

Steve rolls his eyes. "Why are you always so mean in the morning?"

Billy props himself up on his left elbow as he looks at Steve. "Just saying how I *feel*," he draws out the word 'feel'. "You're always telling me to do it."

Steve rolls his eyes and looks at Billy. "You don't love me?" He doesn't mean to say it like that, so directly, and feels himself blushing at his own phrasing. "Anything about me! I - I mean do you not love a - anything about me?"

Billy's smirk is definitely due to Steve's stuttering, and he doesn't look like he's about to run away unlike the other times Steve tried to even imply that they liked each other and that Billy liked doing this. "Not really, no."

"Right," he whispers. He didn't mean to sound upset, but that's how it clearly sounds. He watches as the smirk drops from Billy's face. "Could've just said I have nice hair, you know?"

Billy places his hand on Steve's chest which makes him jolt. "I love your hair, *Harrington*."

Steve eyes Billy with furrowed eyebrows, he looks serious. "Or that you like my ass."

Billy chuckles. "I really do love your ass."

"Or my cock."

"Hmmm, that. I suppose I had worse," he says with a shrug.

It gives Steve a weird feeling on his stomach. Billy enjoying other people, other guys, Billy fucking people that aren't him. They hadn't had the talk, about what they are, but Steve won't bring it up if Billy doesn't. Still, he can't consider being with anyone else and hopes Billy feels the same.

"What's wrong?" he asks in a soft voice, the one he has after sex.

"You care?" he wonders looking to the ceiling.

Billy snorts. "Are you upset because I didn't say I love your cock, because I -"

"Of course not - " he cuts in, even though he wanted Billy to finish his sentence, "I just..."

Billy runs his hand along Steve's chest. "Wanna talk about it, pretty boy?"

"About what?" he asks hopefully.

"About what has been bothering you, I know something is."

Steve shakes his head.

"Do you want me to talk?" Billy guesses as he stares at Steve's expression.

"Aren't you hungry?"

Billy rolls his eyes. "No Steve I'm not."

"Are you sure because it was a busy night and -"

"Steve."

" - I'm pretty sure you must be starving; I am, let's -" he starts to get up but Billy pushes him back.

"I'm not."

"I can make some great pancakes, you'll -"

"I know you can."

" - like it, maybe we can do it together, I don't know - "

"Shut up."

"I have chantilly too - "

"Steve - "

"I just - " he looks at Billy and realizes he's been babbling to get away from a conversation, unsuccessfully, "can - can I say something?"

"Not like I can st -"

"I love you."

*Oh, God. He said he loves Billy, out of nowhere.*

"I really love you."

*He said it again, what the actual fuck.*

"I'm head over heels for you."

*He's being cringy.*

Billy starts to lean in and for a second Steve thinks he's gonna punch him or... *whatever*... even though Billy would never do that, not now anyway. Soft lips fall on his, and he quickly responds, to forget what he's been saying and to maybe make Billy forget. Billy keeps the kiss slow and soft, very unlike him. As he licks Billy's lower lip for entrance, Billy pulls back, making him want more. He whines like he usually does when he wants something which makes Billy chuckle.

"Maybe I lied."

"What?" Steve questions, having no idea what Billy is saying.

"I do *love* the way you start rambling when you think you screwed up." Billy runs a hand along Steve's cheek. "Love the way you think I'm gonna leave you if you say something affectionate."

*Leave him? Are they together?*

"I love the way you're looking at me right now like I said something you thought I hadn't realized."

"I ... yeah," he murmurs feeling like he's gonna die if Billy keeps talking, anticipation killing him.

"Yeah?" Billy smiles at Steve.

"Yeah."

"Nice then."

"Billy," Steve can't help but whine.

Billy smirks at him and gets up from the bed. "Hm, maybe, just maybe I love you. Wanna make me those pancakes?"

Steve stares at him with an open mouth.

"Yeah?"

Steve closes his mouth and gulps. "Yeah."